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THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

JOHN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, who was first taught at home by a teacher named Thomson, and to whom the father granted as his emoluments a piece of land still or lately known after him, as Thomson's Park. This teacher not only had to instruct the young laird, but any others of the youth of the district whom Alexander Matheson might select. John afterwards, with his brother Roderick, finished his education in Edinburgh, and, shortly after his return home, during his father's lifetime, he married Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackenzie, III. of Belmaduthy, when his father assigned to him, to support a separate establishment, the whole lands and fishings of Bennetsfield and Wester Half Davoch, with one-fourth of the yearly rental of Invermaine, in Strathconan.

John followed the Earl of Cromarty in 1745, in support of Prince Charles, and fought on that side, with some of his brothers, on the fatal field of Culloden. He, however, managed to effect his escape, and his experiences on that occasion and immediately afterwards are sufficiently interesting, and so minutely recorded by Captain John Matheson, late of the 78th Highlanders, last direct male representative of the family, that we are tempted to quote him at length. Referring to the loss of the last relic of their once vast possessions in Lochalsh, Fernaig, as already

detailed, by Alexander, Captain John Matheson writes substantially as follows :—There now only remains for John, his (Alexander's) grandson, the tie of consanguinity and a cordial recognition by the followers of his ancestors, and their descendants of his patriarchal claims, now absolutely associated with the more modern acceptation of Scottish chieftaincy, but assimilated more expressly to those petty sovereigns of the ancient Gallic tribes. The laird, however, lived at a time when the social habits incurred by such recollections were more expensive than prudent, a fact verified by his improvident expenditure, poorly compensated to his representatives, by the vain consolation that "*Jura sanguinis nunquam proscriptor.*" He, however, took an effectual mode of risking the proscription of everything else for which he was indebted to the industry of his predecessors by taking an active part in support of the pretensions of the last of the Royal line of Stuart in concert with his kinsman, the Earl of Cromarty; and the unaccountable absence of the latter in Sutherland, where he was made prisoner, did not prevent the laird of Bennetsfield from joining Prince Charles Edward. And, notwithstanding the pressure of the House of Sutherland, which smothered many an ardent feeling towards the cause among the adherents of Lord Fortrose and other neighbours and nearest relatives, John and some of his brothers confirmed their loyalty on the eventful field of Culloden on the 16th of April 1746, which decided the dynasty which was in future to preside over the fortunes of the British Empire.

Matheson's escape was attended by several incidents of a romantic character, "which have been minutely detailed to us by his brother James, a participator and eye-witness on the occasion, a subject on which the former continued ever after to preserve a tenacious silence." The Laird had crossed the Firth on the morning of the battle in a yacht which constituted his favourite recreation; and it would appear that after the defeat of the Highlanders, he found means to secret himself in a pig-stye, which, in the eagerness of pursuit, the Royalist dragoons had overlooked. Towards evening he recovered his boat, where he lay hid till darkness, which favoured his re-crossing to his own shore in Munlochy Bay, but, excited by the exertions of the day, and rendered desperate by the unlooked-for turn it took, it is not

improbable that he might have had recourse to the wonted *solatium dolorosum* of those days, to account for the rash act of discharging a fusee at a small brig of war then in the offing, in the King's service, and his instantly having been brought on board the Government vessel as a prisoner, as if it would seem that his safety was in no particular to have been indebted to flight.

Here, aboard the brig, he was immediately recognised by an old friend, Mr Fraser, a clergyman of the Established Church, who, perceiving the jeopardy Bennetsfield so imprudently placed himself in, with great presence of mind stepped forward to attest his loyalty, significantly insinuating temporary aberration of mind, which suggestion, perhaps, it is fortunate, the irritated laird did not hear. The result was that Matheson was invited to join in a convivial party of Government officers, probably as much excited as himself, from opposite causes; but by their demeanour on this occasion, these gentlemen exhibited a liberal counterpart to those execrable and cowardly ruffians on shore, who, after a victory over an enemy from whom the basest of them could not withhold the tribute of chivalrous gallantry, gave the reins to indiscriminate murder and pillage; but the page of impartial history records this sickening accumulation of crime and exhibits a monument of indelible cruelty.

Matheson's accident, however, continued to befriend him. Among the ship's crew was Mr, afterwards General, Skinner, an eminent Engineer, whose business was to select a site for, and to erect a fort [now Fort-George] on the Moray Firth. With this view he enquired of Mr Fraser where the best materials were likely to be found. The latter assured the Engineer that he was fortunate in his accidental acquaintance with Bennetsfield, on whose estate was to be had the best and most conveniently situated stone quarry in the district. It was then proposed that Mr Skinner should land and make a survey on the following day. Matheson recommended landing at once, and was imperative—perhaps dreading disclosures which might prove serious. His yacht was quite ready; the Royalist was speedily embarked under the protection of the rebel chief; and on their arrival a mutual good feeling was cemented, by social habits, which was never relaxed; while it secured to the latter a semblance of loyalty which he did not deserve, and a protection which was

most convenient to him at the time, and which accounts for the pertinacious silence which he ever afterwards preserved when the Rebellion of 1745 became the subject of conversation.

Long after his death an original portrait of Charles Edward was exhumed from beneath a heap of peats, where it had been concealed, in a lumber garret, in the House of Bennetsfield; and in 1838 a label, which marked the small of the butt-end of his musket, was accidentally dug up by a labourer on the field of Cul-loden, bearing a crest and motto which he had assumed, probably in allusion to his political bias. The ancient device of the family was "O'Chian," absurdly rendered into Latin by his grandfather as "Fuimus," instead of "Per Secula." This he changed for what was more applicable to his present adventure, "Fac et Spera," with a hand dexter, bearing a scimitar, and under it "John Matheson of Bennetsfield, 10th April 1746."

This makes it appear that the musket had been made for the purpose, and accommodated to the Highlander's mode of fighting, who generally flung away his fire-arms after the first discharge, and rushed on with sword and targe, when, by the marks, the former would be recovered after the victory; and this small silver plate has, after a lapse of 92 years, betrayed a secret which our hero so unsuccessfully endeavoured to preserve.

From this period John's life was passed almost exclusively in the social enjoyment of his neighbours, or in the cultivation of a natural genius for sculpture, painting, and mechanics, with which he amused himself by turning it to the most eccentric uses. One feature of it was that of carving likenesses on walking-sticks in caricature; and this he did so well that it was not always safe to accept of an accommodation of that kind from him, without becoming liable to the risk of finding, if the borrower did not stand high in the laird's good graces, that he became supported along the road by some ludicrously severe representation of himself. These, at all events, he contrived to get into circulation, and many of his friends were thus obliged to recognise themselves to disadvantage, or quietly submit to the ridicule which his eccentricities produced.

Another faculty he possessed, connected with a beautiful style of penmanship, was that of affixing or annexing in correspondence a dash, a portrait, or perhaps the representation of an

animal, or something burlesque which left no room for misinterpreting how the individual addressed or referred to stood in the opinion of the writer. It is but justice, however, to say that the sarcastic symbols were not indiscriminately indulged in; where they were used they were sanctioned by the manner of their reception. He was also remarkable for his great strength, which is attested by several existing mementoes of his personal prowess.

He was much chagrined, before his first wife's death, at the prospect of having no sons, while the reversion of his property was destined to heirs-male; and he became quite indifferent as to what became of it or his successor.

John married, first, Elizabeth, second daughter of William Mackenzie, III. of Belmaduthy (great-grandson of Alexander Mackenzie, V. of Gairloch), by Margaret, daughter of Alexander Rose of Clava,* with issue—

1. Margaret, who married Andrew Miller of Kincurdy, with issue—among others, Elizabeth, who, in 1804, married Michael Miller, and died in 1833, without issue. Michael Miller died in 1826, and on the death of his widow in 1833, the property of Kincurdy reverted by will to her cousin, Jane Gordon, second daughter of Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield (who died in 1825). On her death, in 1849, she was succeeded in the property by Colin Matheson Milne-Miller, now of Kincurdy.

Andrew Miller died in 1809, at the age of ninety; while Margaret, his wife, died in 1811, aged eighty years.

2. Jean, who married Charles Baird, Aberdeen, with issue—among several others, Patrick, who married Miss Wedderburn, with issue—three daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, married Captain Andrew Mason, owner of a small property in Fifeshire, but who afterwards resided in Aberdeen. By her Captain Mason had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Agnes, married the late Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for many years M.P. for Ipswich, and afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, with issue—an only daughter, Clara. Captain Mason's second daughter, Eliza, married M. de Gerrin, a scion of an ancient family of noble descent in France.

* "History of the Mackenzies," under Gairloch Family, by the same author, pp. 352-353.

3. Elizabeth, married William Paterson, a merchant in Aberdeen, without issue.

4. A daughter, who died unmarried.

His first wife having died in 1760, he married secondly, Christina, daughter of John Gordon, second son of Gordon of Letterfurie, by Jean, daughter and heiress of John Gordon of Achimeath, a cadet of the Gordons of Buckie. By this lady Matheson had issue—

5. Colin, his heir.

6. John, who served for several years in a Regiment of Highland Infantry, raised by the Duke of Gordon during the American War of Independence, and afterwards continued his military career in the H.E.I.C. Service, where he was appointed Military Auditor-General on the Bombay Establishment, and subsequently Paymaster to a Brigade of the Army under Lord Lake, in which position he was suddenly cut off in 1805, "universally esteemed." The following notice of his death and services appeared in the *Bombay Gazette* in December 1805 :—"On Friday, 7th December, died here Captain John Matheson of the Hon. Company's military establishment at this Presidency, and late Paymaster of the detachment of troops stationed at Poonah. A man of great kindness of heart and incorruptible integrity, who in situations of public trust was actuated by the purest sense of honour, and conducted himself with scrupulous and severe probity, and who in every relation of life deserved and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him, and could justly appreciate the worth of an honest man. During the period of 13 years' service in India, his care, diligence, and disinterestedness had uniformly recommended him to his superiors; his warm and honest heart rendered him the object of the friendship of his companions, and his great mildness, good temper, and readiness to oblige, secured the good opinion of all those who had official intercourse with him. The general feelings of this society was manifested by the unusual number and respectability of the gentlemen who attended his remains to the place of interment, among whom were most of the principal officers of the Army and several of the principal members of the Civil Department." Captain John died unmarried.

7. Catharine, who married Alexander Gillies, London, with issue, one son, Alexander, a merchant in Berbice.

8. Maria, who died unmarried.

John died at Bennetsfield House, on the 21st of February 1768, and was buried in the family burying-ground at Suddy, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

COLIN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, then in his fifth year. The management of the property, as well as the care of the children, devolved upon the young widowed mother, whose active mind and business habits were ably assisted by the judicious counsel of her father, early trained to the law; and it can be easily believed that such qualifications as both possessed were in urgent request during a long minority while the property was heavily encumbered, its boundaries undefined and at the same time a question of dispute with the neighbouring proprietors. Indeed matters had got into such an embarrassed position that it required the greatest prudence and the most judicious exertion to preserve the property to the family.

Colin was sent to be educated, first to Elgin, where his mother accompanied him; but finding the heir's presence indispensable at home, she returned to Ross-shire with him and placed him in school at Fortrose, under Mr William Smith, well known for his excellent qualities as a teacher—qualities afterwards spoken to by many of his pupils, whose subsequent successful career in various walks of life many of them attributed to his excellent mode of instruction. In due course Colin went to Aberdeen, and finally completed his education in Edinburgh.

In 1780, when only in his sixteenth year, he received a commission in the Gordon Fencibles, raised and embodied at Aberdeen by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in 1778. Here Colin served first as Ensign and afterwards as Lieutenant, until on the conclusion of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and America, the corps was disbanded in 1783.

In 1784 he married Grace (a very beautiful woman, whose portrait by Smellie Watson is in the possession of the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh), fourth daughter of Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston, by his wife Henrietta, daughter of James Grant of Rothiemurchus, with issue, who arrived at maturity—

1. John, his heir.

2. Patrick Grant, a Major, H.E.I.C. Horse Artillery, on the

Bengal Establishment, and for many years Chief of the Commissariat Department at Delhi, where he died in 1835. His death is referred to in the obituary of the Bengal *Englishman* of January the 17th, in that year; and in the Delhi *Gazette* as follows:—“At Delhi, on Wednesday, 15th inst., Captain Patrick Grant Matheson, Commissary of Ordnance. His remains were followed to the grave by nearly all the civil and military officers of the station, and the whole of the Magazine Establishment, many of whom shed tears of sorrow to his departed worth.” He married, in India, Hannah Mills Butler, daughter of James Major Orde, an officer of the Commissariat Department, with issue—(1) James Brooks Young Matheson, Colonel, H.E.I.C.S., who commanded the 11th Bengal Irregular Cavalry; raised the Benares Horse during the Indian Mutiny; took a gun at Mooltan; and received the Indian medals and clasps. He married Lousia Keane, daughter of Dr Keane, Superintending Surgeon of the Presidency of Bengal, with issue—(a) Ian Grant Matheson, and (b) Alexander Matheson Mathon Matheson, both of whom died young in India; (c) ERIC GRANT MATHESON, present chief of his clan, who, born in 1865, now resides with his mother in Belgium (who on the death of her first husband, Colonel James Brooks Young Matheson, married, secondly, M. Vans Best); and (d) Ailsie Grant Matheson. (2) Thomas Theophilus Metcalf, Lieutenant, 39th Regiment, who died in India in his 21st year, unmarried; (3) Colonel Ian Grant Matheson, Staff Corps, late 2d Fusiliers, medals and clasps, now residing at Torquay; (4) Susan Eleanor, who died in infancy; (5) Isabella Maria Grant, who married James Charles Claud Hamilton, of the Hamiltons of Tyrone, Major, late Bengal European Light Infantry, medals and clasps, with issue—Claud Hamilton and Seymour Ratcliffe George Annesly Hamilton; (6) Hannah Grace, who married Lieutenant-Colonel H. King, 13th Regiment, Bengal Infantry (medal and clasp), with issue—Mortimer James King.

3. Charles Mackenzie Matheson, who, after a short apprenticeship in a mercantile house in London, emigrated to the colony of Berbice, where he carried on a large and successful business for many years. He married Margaret, daughter of Simon Fraser of Kilmorack, in that colony, by his wife Maria, daughter of Colonel Barclay of New York, a cadet of the family of Urie, with

issue, six sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, who still survive, are the Rev. Charles Matheson, an ex-Fellow of Oxford, now head master of the Clergy Orphan School at Canterbury, Kent; and another, Donald, a merchant in Berbice.

4. Alexander Gordon, who joined his brother Charles in Berbice, and died there, unmarried, in 1819.

5. Christina, who married W. R. Spalding, an officer in the Barrack Department at Fort-Augustus, with issue—(1) Richard, a Colonel of Marines, married with issue; (2) Colin, an officer in the Ordnance Department, New South Wales; (3) Warner, who went to Berbice; (4) Alexander; (5) Grace, who married Charles Lesack, a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, with issue, one son, Charles, in the Army; and (6) a daughter, who married Major Robert Chadwick.

6. Jane Gordon, proprietrix in her own right of Kincurdy, in the County of Ross, who married the Rev. Robert Milne-Miller, minister of Aboyne, in Aberdeenshire, with issue—(1) Colin Matheson Milne-Miller, present proprietor of Kincurdy, Surgeon-Major in the Army; retired in 1873. He was Assistant-Surgeon in the 80th Regiment during the Indian Mutiny. Holds medal, 1876-77. He married, in 1866, Mary Ann Phipps, with issue—Colin Matheson, born 18th of June 1870, died in 1872; Robert Michael, born 26th of March 1874; Jane Elizabeth, Mary Louisa, Helen Christina, Grace, and Harriet Matheson. (2) Andrew Michael Miller, C.E., massacred at Cawnpore during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. (3) George Gordon, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Ross, Tain, with issue—an only daughter, Jane Dora. He died on the 27th of May 1862. (4) Elizabeth Milne-Miller, who died unmarried, in the 21st year of her age, in 1849. (5) Grace, who died in infancy.

7. Elizabeth Rupert Fraser, who married Donald Charles Cameron of Barcaldine, Argyllshire, with issue—(1) Donald, (2) Alexander, and (3) Colize, all three of whom died in infancy; (4) John, who died unmarried in 1857; (5) Allan Gordon, who inherited the family estates of Barcaldine and Foxhall, and who married Mary Colebrooke, only daughter of George William Traill of Vera and Mousey, Orkney, with issue—two sons, Ewen Somerled, present heir to the Barcaldine Estates, Allan Gordon, and a daughter, Mary Colebrooke, who died in 1878. He died in 1872.

(6) Donald Charles of Glenbrittle, Isle of Skye, who married Anne, daughter of Charles Shaw, W.S., late Sheriff-Substitute of Lochmaddy, with issue—two sons and two daughters; (7) Patrick Evan, who died unmarried in 1853; (8) Maria Grace, who married James Archibald Campbell of Inverawe, with issue—four sons and five daughters; (9) Elizabeth, who married Patrick, third son of Grant of Glenmoriston, with issue—two sons and four daughters; (10) Helen, who married James Murray, youngest son of Grant of Glenmoriston, with issue—four sons and three daughters.

8. Martha Fraser, who married, first, Hugh Junor of Essiquibo, with issue—(1) Colin, a merchant. She married secondly the Rev. Archibald Brown, minister of St Andrew's Church, in Demerara, with issue—(2) Hugh of Park House, Melbourne, married, with issue—Archibald Junor, Colin Matheson, William Macdonald, Hugh Mackenzie, Martha Elizabeth, Alice, Helen Grace, and Lily; (3) Grace, who married Colonel Andrew Kelso, 3d Madras Cavalry with issue—Archibald, C.E., Bombay, and Alice Martha, who married the Rev. Alfred Swainson, M.A. of Cambridge; (4) Helen Jane, who married the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., minister of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, with issue—Donald Hugh, William Muir Macdonald, Grace Isabella, Helen Margaret, Christina Amelia, Alice Isobel, Flora Macdonald, and Kate Hamilton.

9. Helen Cameron, who married the late William Bell, surgeon in the H.E.I.C.S., a fine old lady, who still survives in Inverness.

Colin of Bennetsfield died at Fortrose, in 1825, and was buried in the family tomb at Suddy, which was renovated, and a massive slab erected to his memory, by his widow and daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, first educated at Fortrose, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh; but having a preference for a military profession, he joined the army in 1803. He finally retired as Captain of the 78th Highlanders. He wrote the Bennetsfield Manuscript of the Mackenzies, and an account of his own ancestors, taken chiefly from the family records, and to which we are largely indebted in the preparation of this sketch. He was a learned and accomplished man, an excellent musician,

and as a linguist he was proficient in several modern languages, including Turkish ; as also in Latin and Greek. His knowledge of French is said to have once stood him in good stead. Being taken prisoner while serving with his regiment in Egypt, he became the bondsman of a certain scheik, who employed him, first as his gardener, and ultimately as his secretary. While exercising the functions of the latter office in the French language, he was able to communicate in English with his family, and this in due time led to his release. Captain "Jack," as his friends loved to call him, was also a writer of verses.

He married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Robert Arthur, minister of Resolis, in the County of Cromarty, and died, without issue, shortly after 1843, when he was succeeded as representative and chief of the Mathesons by his nephew,

COLONEL JAMES BROOKS YOUNG MATHESON, H.E.I.C.S., son of Major Patrick Grant Matheson, who died at Delhi, as already stated, in 1835, and grandson of Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield, who died in 1825.

Colonel James Brooks Young Matheson married, in 1857, Louisa, daughter of Dr Keane, Superintending Surgeon of the Presidency of Bengal, with issue—

1. Ian Grant, who died young, in India.
2. Alastair Grant, who died young, in India.
3. Eric Grant, born in 1865.
4. Ailsie Grant.

He died in 1866, when he was succeeded as representative of the Mathesons of Bennetsfield and chief of his clan by his eldest surviving son,

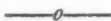
ERIC GRANT MATHESON, still a minor, residing with his mother, who married, as her second husband, Alexander Vans Best, M.D., F.R.C.S.L. of Aberdeen, who died in 1876.

(To be continued.)

THE MATHESONS OF LOCHALSH AND ARDROSS will fall to be considered next.

THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.



V.

I STATED, in my first instalment of this paper, that I should consider the Hilton stone (though the cross it bore is now erased) when discussing class B., or sculptured crosses with hieroglyphics; and, also, that I should describe the fragmentary cross of Tarbat at the same time, on account of its general resemblance to the others. I propose now, in taking class B., to commence with the Hilton and Tarbat stones for three reasons—1st, They are the most northerly of the five to be considered; 2d, They are the two which do not strictly conform to the conditions of their class; 3d, Their ornamental borders exhibit a great similarity, and, at the same time, are unlike anything to be found in their neighbourhood.

Of the Tarbat stone, four fragments are figured in the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The first is evidently a portion of the base, and the other three of the shaft of a cross; but the pieces appear to represent different sides of it, if, indeed, they are not portions of two separate stones. Thus, while the border pattern, which encompasses the basement portion, is composed of a leafy scroll work interspersed apparently with birds, and bears the highest resemblance to that of the Hilton stone, which runs round three sides of the slab without a check—that portion of the border of the shaft, which is still discernable, is divided into two panels, the upper shewing a dragonesque pattern, or scroll-work of snakes, interspersed with small bosses, and the lower similar small bosses surrounded with knot-work, both exhibiting strong affinity to the ornamental panels on the Nigg cross.

The view which I have here enunciated, and for the first time, I believe, in print, viz.—that there was at Tarbat more than one cross or stone, was forced upon me about some two years ago, after a very close comparison of the drawings of the Tarbat fragments and the Hilton stone. It has received the fullest confirmation from the independent judgment of the Rev. George

Campbell, minister of Tarbat, and a very competent archæologist, who writes as follows:—"I had your note last night about the Tarbat Runic Stones—I say stones, because, from the fragments I have picked up in the neighbourhood of the church, I conceive there must have been at least two, if not three, originally. The style of carving is so distinct in the several pieces." In answer to a point I raised, Mr Campbell says, "There is not, so far as I recollect, any trace of sculpturing upon the reverse side [of the fragments]; but the back is smooth." This tends to support, rather than otherwise, the theory of there having been more than one stone. Mr Campbell further states:—"My reasons for giving as my opinion that there were originally more [stones] than one, are the following:—I. The character of the sculpture appears to me to be distinctly different. In some of the fragments the tracings run angularly, while in others we have all the characteristics of the Nigg stone, the serpents intertwined, and the rosettes or apples. II. The different grain of sandstone, or rather what I consider the difference in the composition of the stone itself, points to the same conclusion. Some of the fragments are of a close and hard texture, while others are of a soft and roughish composition. I have some half-dozen fragments in my possession illustrating the opinion I have formed. There is one fragment of considerable interest with a few words, it is supposed, of a Runic character. A copy was made by Dr Joass, of Golspie, and sent to the late Dr Stewart, but I have yet to learn if he could interpret the meaning. There was a fragment sent to Invergordon Castle, of about, as far as my memory serves me, 12 inches diameter, with outer rim carved in the usual style, and having seven rosettes. It had not been discovered when the other fragments were described in Dr Stewart's book." I have only just been made aware of this most interesting inscribed stone, but I trust I may on some future occasion be able to give a description of it in these pages. Dr Stewart died some time since, and, unless he brought the fragment before the notice of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, it is possible that it may have been forgotten. If it prove to bear an inscription in Scandinavian runes, it may go far to support the traditional Danish or Norse origin of the cross to which it once belonged. The only Scandinavian runic inscriptions extant in Scotland are to be found in the tumulus of

the Maeshowe, Stennis, Orkney, and in St Molio's Cave, Holy Island, Arran; but several exist on Manx crosses. Dr Stewart's remarks concerning Anglo-Saxon tracery must not altogether be thrown aside. The cross of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, has a portion of a poem, supposed to be by the elder Cædmon, carved on it in Anglo-Saxon runes, and crosses in ancient Northumbria, also bear inscriptions in a similar character. Thus, should the alleged runes on the Tarbat fragment prove to be genuine, their discovery will prove a matter of the very highest interest to Northern Antiquaries.

That portion which I suppose to have formed part of the base of a cross, and which is cracked, still shows, besides the border, some remains of figures, but even those that are visible are much blurred. In the centre is an animal with a head resembling that of the lion or leopard of Scottish sculpture, which is in the act of grasping the forearms of a human figure. This figure, which is represented on the upper part of the stone, is in a contracted position, bending forwards; the feet being directed upward beneath the animal's neck, and the head downwards, till it almost touches that of the animal. In the right hand corner is a figure, minus head, shoulders, and arms, and there are also portions of two other animals to be seen, but all very indistinct and fragmentary. The body of the cross itself is filled with an ingenious pattern of knot-work, resembling the centre of the Nigg cross, but slightly more elaborate. I am of opinion that had these crosses only been allowed to remain intact they would have proved additionally interesting, in being found to form a connecting link between the Nigg cross and the Hilton slab.

The *New Statistical Account* (1840) says:—"Fragments of what is said to have been a Danish cross are to be seen scattered among the graves in the churchyard; and a low green mound, adjoining the eastern gable of the church, is still pointed out as the site on which it stood." Dr Stewart observes:—"The fragments now in the churchyard of the parish of Tarbet . . . formed part of a cross which stood in the centre of the churchyard. About fifty years ago it was knocked down by the gravedigger, and broken up for grave-stones." Dr Stewart published the first volume of the *Sculptured Stones* in 1856, and this would imply that he wished to carry us back to 1806 for the date

of the cross's destruction; but this is manifestly wrong, for he goes on to say—"Cordiner, referring to these fragments, which he visited in 1776, says that they 'in all appearance had not been originally inferior to either of those that have been specified [Shandwick and Hilton], but they are so shattered to pieces that their connection is lost.'" The cross, therefore, was broken in 1776, and Dr Stewart must have wished to give the year 1726, or thereabouts, as the time of its destruction, and this is by no means an improbable date.

The Rev. George Campbell states :—"When they [*i.e.*, the stone or stones] came to be broken I can't say. Tradition has it that they were blown down by the wind and broken, parts being used as headstones for the graves, and the larger portions placed over coffins in the graves, at the time when dead bodies were in such request by anatomists." If, as I conjecture, pieces may be found built into walls, &c., it is not too much to hope that at some future date we may be able to reconstruct, or partially restore, the Tarbat cross or crosses. After alluding to the fragments figured in the *Sculptured Stones*, Mr Campbell proceeds :—"The originals are at Invergordon Castle, Mr Macleod of Cadboll having undertaken to see to their preservation. The largest of the lot has a man in a tunic, with some wild beasts as if about to devour him. The smaller bits are the serpents, the rosettes, and endless rings." It matters little whether the sexton or the wind was guilty of uprooting the Tarbat memorials—they were eventually dismembered and given up to neglect. When will the diabolical work of spoliation and sacrilege cease? It was only the other day that Mr Charles Stewart, addressing the Federation of Celtic Societies, spoke enthusiastically of Celtic art. Alas! we have too little reverence for our ancient language, literature, antiquities. The man who stares a mummy out of countenance, and learnedly discourses of Egyptian civilisation, unconcernedly turns his back on an elaborate Scottish standing stone, nor pauses to inquire who were the people that carved it, or how far they had risen in the social scale of nations. There are citizens of London who have never entered the Tower, and residents of Edinburgh who have never set foot in the Castle. It is because things lie at our doors that we ignore them—that we deem them common. Let us hope that it will not always be so.

Even since 1856, when it was fortunately figured in the *Sculptured Stones*, the very curious cross at Old Deer has been broken up for building materials by some ignorant Yahoo, without the consent or knowledge of the proprietor of the property.

Coming to the Hilton stone (which I have all through called by the name Dr Stewart gives it, though it has been removed from its original site), I have already alluded to the similarity existing, in my opinion, between the scroll-work of its border and that of the Tarbat cross. Dr Stewart calls attention to the likeness between the Hilton border and Anglo-Saxon crosses. After alluding to the ornamentation of the famous Ruthwell cross, he says:—"The tree, bearing leaves and fruit, with birds and animals on its branches, is a feature almost unknown on the Scotch crosses, while it recurs on the cross at Bewcastle, on the Monks' stone at Tynemouth, and on a fragment at Jarrow. It is somewhat remarkable that the solitary Scotch cross on which this Saxon design occurs is far removed from any obvious Saxon influence. The stone to which I refer is at Hilton of Cadboll, on the north shore of the Cromarty Firth, and is one of three fine monuments in that neighbourhood. On this stone, a rich border, surrounding one of its faces, is composed of scroll-work of branches with leaves, into which birds are introduced, some of them pecking the bunches of fruit with which the branches terminate." In the first place Dr Stewart makes a mistake as to the locality of Hilton, and he does not evince much discrimination when he institutes a comparison between the Monks' stone and Jarrow fragments, and the Hilton stone. The sculptures on the stone at Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, and the crosses at Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, and Bewcastle, Cumberland, certainly bear some affinity to the Hilton scroll-work, and the tails of the creatures represented help to form the spirals along with the foliage. But none of these carvings are used as borders, and it is absurd to compare the graceful and elegant tracery on the Hilton stone with the heavier style of its Anglo-Saxon congeners.* Dr Stewart only

* Dr Stewart observes:—"In the 'Saxony' of our earlier writers, beginning at Abercorn, on its northern extremity, there have been found, on ecclesiastical sites of Saxon foundation, a series of monuments displaying features of design and form which mark them as the work of the same school of artists to whom we owe much of the ornamental work of our early Anglo-Saxon manuscripts." M. Langlois, in his work on the Caligraphy of the earlier Middle-age MSS., remarks that the wealth of the

attempts to find one other specimen of the kind in Pictish Scotland, and this is on the edge of a stone at St Vigean's, Forfarshire. He says it is "a partial exception" [from the hard and fast rule that no phyllomorphic design can enter into Pictish art, I suppose], but a mere glance will show that, whatever it is, it has not the slightest affinity to the Hilton work. This latter finds its sole prototype in the fragmentary stone, or stones, of Tarbat, a fact which Dr Stewart has entirely overlooked. It may be urged that, as these crosses stood within no great distance of each other, and were situated on the shores of the sea, they mark the site of a Saxon colony, or are, at least, evidence of a temporary Saxon possession of the country. It was not until the reign of Malcolm Canmore (who had long resided in England, had Saxon blood in his veins, and had married Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling), or about the year 1080, that the immigration of Saxons into Scotland commenced. At this time we learn, from the Norse Sagas, that the north of Ross-shire was a sort of debateable ground between the Scandinavians and the Picts, and there is no reference made to Saxons having penetrated so far. Neither can we consider the type of the crosses to be so modern as to believe their erection to be due to the initiative of southern barons or clergy. Had the present inhabitants been the descendants of Saxons, they would be sure to have retained some tradition of it as many communities elsewhere remember the story of their foreign origin. The people, however, assert that they are of Celtic extraction, and, as for the crosses, they say that they are of Danish construction. But even if we allow that a Saxon influence is manifested in these carvings—what then? Are we to believe that the borders alone were the handiwork of some Saxon thrall or immigrant, while the rest of the work was executed in the most approved Pictish style by a native artist? If Saxon the design be, is it not more likely that the whole of the ornamentation was executed by a travelled Pict, who was acquainted with both forms of art? True, Pictish art is never found on

picturesque is not lavished alone on subjects which refer to the text of the works, but is essentially to be observed in the richness of the borders, and the caprice with which the initial letters are formed. Though continuous borders are found in the MSS., the Anglo-Saxon sculptural tracery either occupies the whole face or side of a cross, or is disposed in panels,

crosses in Saxon territory, and that the designs of the Hilton border throw those of the Anglo-Saxon stones in the shade;* but then, has it not been possible for the pupil to excel his master, as witness the apprentice pillar in Roslin Chapel? However, we must guard against drawing any definite conclusion until we know whether the alleged inscription on the Tarbat fragment has any tale to tell us or not.

(To be Continued.)

E V I C T E D.

Homeless, desolate, forlorn,
By a landlord's hard decree,
On a wet and cloudy morn
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Doomed by LAW their home to leave,
Father, mother, children three,
Daring not to hope reprieve,
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Huddled 'neath their father's plaid,
Envyng the sea-birds free,
With tearful eyes and faces sad,
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Evening brings them broken rest ;
'Neath the shadow of a tree,
Bodies cold, together pressed,
Sleep th' evicted by the sea.

Morning comes and with it light ;
'Neath the shadow of that tree,
Stark and dead—a mournful sight !—
Lie th' evicted by the sea. H.

* Owing to the points of difference between the Hilton and Tarbat stones, and the Anglo-Saxon crosses, the peculiar position of the former, and the utter absence of evidence connecting them with the Anglo-Saxon influence, I am led to regard the art which their borders display as an elaboration, and a very fine one no doubt, of the Pictish zoöomorphic or dragonesque design.

THE CAPTIVE.

By MARY MACKELLAR,

Miranda sat within her ivied keep
So very long that she forgot to weep ;
She got accustomed to her clanging chain,
And often heard it without feeling pain.
She found in nature many a soothing voice,
Whose every whisper made her soul rejoice ;
She saw the sunshine through her lattice stream,
And hailed with gladness its bright golden gleam ;
She heard the warblings of each little bird,
And the deep music of her soul was stirred ;
She watched the opening and the dying flowers,
Through all the summer's bright and sunny hours ;
And when the glorious sun his wings would fold,
And the far waves seemed like the burnished gold,
And the deep tones of their strange minstrelsy,
Seemed grand old songs that told of liberty,
As on they rolled at will from clime to clime,
Their tales all of the mighty and sublime ;
And when they had their wildest, maddest play,
It to Miranda seemed their holiday.
And oft she cried, as if she loved their glee,—
Roll wild and high, emblems of liberty.
And when the sea in beauty lay at rest,
The heavens reflected from its azure breast,
Like some bright scroll that lay beneath the wave,
Upon the sailor's dark uncared-for grave ;
God's robe enfolding his low place of sleep,
Though none who loved him "o'er his bed" could weep ;
Miranda loved to see the sunset beams,
Gilding the ocean with their glorious streams,
Emblems of beauty, and of perfect rest,
That oft gave gladness to her aching breast.
And as the veil that deepened into night,
Stole softly o'er the golden gates of light ;
Whilst night's sweet herald, the bright evening star,
Sent her sweet cheering whispers from afar,
She often poured her soul out in a song,
About her sorrow and about her wrong,
In plaintive notes, so musical and clear,
It seemed hope's requiem that met the ear.
And yet a ring of something in her tone,
Told sorrow had not made her all its own ;
She sang such songs as we have heard at eve,
Æolian harps from the soft zephyrs weave ;
Thrilling the soul with all that makes life glad,
Yet making it mysteriously sad,

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

—o—
JESSIE MACLEOD.—*Concluded.*

SOME days necessarily elapsed before they could get all their arrangements completed for commencing their journey northward, during which time Frank received letters from his family, of such a tenor that had they arrived previously to his meeting with Jessie, they must have given a concussion to his nerves, inferior only to what he had received from that trying event. The agreeable intelligence of his arrival in Britain brought along with it to the manse of Arnisdale the distressing reflection that his early departure from India must have prevented him from receiving his father's former letter, and that the terrible shock which that letter was intended to break still awaited him. But as it was believed that he must have been made acquainted by this time with the true state of the case by his friends in London, Mr Macintyre saw no means left of preparing his mind for the trial. He therefore wrote him a full and explicit account of the whole affair, taking care to throw in such consolatory reflections as seemed to him best suited for the occasion, and giving such advice as he thought needful.

It was from this communication to Frank that Jessie first learned what she previously had no conception of: the extreme distress of her family, her father's harassing and fruitless travels in search of her, his repeated advertisements, and the serious illness into which his exertions and his mental anxiety had thrown him. Her compunction and self-reproach now wrung her soul with the most bitter anguish. She saw, with horror, that she had almost been guilty of the death of her beloved father, and still could not acquit herself of the imputation of having considerably shortened his days. She immediately wrote to both her parents in the most penitential terms, and copiously bedewed her letters with tears of contrition.

Still, however, she felt an insurmountable reluctance to let them witness her shame; and during their progress northward,

it was finally concerted between Frank and her that she should reside with a widowed aunt of his, who led a very secluded life, owing to her grief for family bereavements, in a retired situation near Inverness. The consent of that lady to receive her, there was no doubt of obtaining, and therefore, without waiting for a communication from her on the subject, they directed their course at once to her place of abode.

This good woman was nearly overpowered with joy—an emotion to which she had been long a stranger—by this unexpected arrival of two persons in whom she felt so warm an interest. For her nephew Frank she entertained a maternal affection, and, though she had never before seen Miss Macleod, yet what she had heard of her character and misfortunes was sufficient to engage her most friendly solicitude in that young lady's case. She assured Frank that she was much flattered by this proof of his confidence in her willingness to meet his wishes, and by thus affording her an opportunity of being useful to one whom she had much upon her mind. Her poor cottage, she told Jessie, was entirely at her service, and she expected to find some consolation in her society for the loss of her own much lamented daughter, the last of a numerous and once thriving family, of which she had been bereaved.

Having thus placed his unhappy charge in a situation so much to her mind, Frank took an affectionate leave of her, promised to visit her soon, and then set out, with a heavy heart, to his father's house. His meeting with his various friends and relations in Glen-Uaine, so very different from what he had long fondly anticipated, must be left to the reader's own imagination. At Aulduiny his reception exceeded, in moving circumstances, all possibility of delineation. The family there had been already apprised that they were not to expect to see their unfortunate Jessie along with Captain Macintyre; and she had even stipulated that he should not make known the place of her retreat to them, except on condition that they should neither attempt to fetch her away, nor, for some time at least, make themselves witnesses of her shame and distress by going to visit her there. She wrote to them, however, by him, in the most dutiful and pathetic terms, and the tears which flowed from her eyes while penning her epistle were only equalled by those which its perusal called forth from her still fond and forgiving relations.

Their replies, in which they all united in affectionately pleading for her return to Aulduiny, could not alter her fixed resolution of secluding herself from the eyes of the world. Had she been of the Romish Church, she would certainly have devoted the remainder of her days to the solitude of the cloister. Finding her thus determined, her parents and family desisted from all farther attempts in the meantime to interrupt the privacy of her pious sorrow. Frank, however, visited her frequently during the period of his residence in Glen-Uaine, and was the chief medium through which she carried on her correspondence with her friends. While he was doing all in his power to assist in restoring her lost peace of mind, he himself felt the load of life scarcely less oppressive than it was to her, and all the plans devised to interest or amuse him were insufficient to dispel the settled melancholy which had overcast his spirits and oppressed him.

Such was the state of things when I visited the manse of Arnisdale, and it sufficiently accounted for the peculiarities, which it required no superior sagacity to discover, in Captain Macintyre's behaviour. Having taken a deep interest in his story, I was careful to avail myself of every means of information that I could subsequently obtain, in order to learn whether or not it led to any other melancholy consequences; and the result of my inquiries I shall briefly state in what I have now to add.

Though, for the sake of his affectionate friends, Captain Macintyre strove to keep up his spirits, and occasionally joined in the sporting amusements of his brothers and their young companions at Aulduiny, yet his peace of mind had received a shock which even the soothing power of time seemed unable to alleviate. He continued to brood over his griefs in secret, shunned as much as possible all gay society, and seldom left the secluded precincts of the manse, except to call at Aulduiny, or to visit his still dear, but no longer sprightly Jessie. He experienced a melancholy satisfaction in sitting for hours by her side, as she pursued her work; in silently gazing on her yet lovely, though now pale and grief-worn features; in listening to her plaintive performances on the lute, the chief solace of her retirement; or, when some bitter recollection overpowered him, in mingling occasionally his own bursting tears with hers.

She still persisted in her plan of seclusion. But in spite of

her resolution to punish herself in this manner for the disgrace which she had brought upon her friends, she felt it impossible to silence the voice of nature in her bosom, and had often experienced a strong impulse to comply with the urgent entreaties of her family to return home. Frank used all his eloquence to add force to their arguments, and more than once he flattered himself that he had overcome her scruples, when her overwhelming sense of shame again sprung up and baffled all his efforts. At length, however, the united importunities of his benevolent aunt and himself so far prevailed with her that she agreed that one of his sisters, to whom she had been much attached, should come and spend a few weeks with her. The society of this agreeable young lady soon produced a very evident improvement on the spirits of the poor penitent recluse, and her friends began to entertain sanguine hopes that she would by degrees recover some taste for life, and ere long permit her own family to visit her at her retreat, if she would not return to Aulduiny.

Frank had been heard several times to express his determination to call to a strict account the profligate author of all these calamities as soon as he could procure an interview with him. These threats having reached the ears of his worthy father, so much shocked the principles of that good man, and alarmed him so greatly for the probable consequences, that he had recourse to every argument which religion and parental affection and authority could supply to dissuade his son from his sanguinary purposes of revenge. Aulduiny cordially seconded his efforts, and laboured to persuade his indignant young friend that, as the stain which the honour of his family had received could never be wiped away, the most prudent line of conduct, and that which he henceforth wished to follow, was to draw over it, as far as possible, the veil of privacy and silence.

Whether or not Captain Macintyre felt any conviction from such reasoning, he chose to keep his sentiments pretty closely to himself. There are not wanting reports, however, that in his confidential letters to some of his brother officers he still expressed his adherence to his original design, and avowed that his first great object in life was to avenge the crying wrongs of the ruined Jessie Macleod on the head of the ungrateful and unprincipled villain who was the cause of them; and then that

he meant to return to India, and never more revisit his native land. In conformity with these resolutions, he seems to have made careful inquiry after the motions of the regiment to which Vaughan was attached. Having at length learned that it had received orders to re-embark for England, the intelligence made him accelerate his own departure from Glen-Uaine, though his period of leave had not yet expired, that he might have sufficient leisure to bring about a meeting with Vaughan before setting sail for India. He therefore bade a tender adieu to the disconsolate Jessie, and to all the rest of his sorrowing friends and relatives, whom he hardly expected ever to see again, and not many days after arrived in London.

There his first care was to find out where Vaughan's regiment was stationed, and as soon as he had ascertained that point, he lost no time in making preparations suited to his purpose. The evening before his intended departure for the place where he expected to bring Vaughan to a reckoning, he happened to be engaged at an hotel with a very gay party of gentlemen, belonging chiefly to the profession of arms, some of whom were to be his fellow-passengers to India. The most brilliant star in the company was a certain young nobleman, whose exuberance of wit, and superior tone of manners, to say nothing of his title, gave him an indisputable ascendancy over all about him. At first Lord Ellenport had behaved with considerable reserve, seeming to treat his companions with a rather mortifying air of superiority. But the champagne had not long circulated when any prejudice thereby excited against him was completely removed by his subsequent affability.

The conversation chiefly turned upon affairs of gallantry. His Lordship here shone to peculiar advantage; and while with obvious complacency he dwelt on his triumphs, the silent admiration painted on the features of many of the younger members of the party seemed to betray a wish that they were equally fortunate. Lord Ellenport had now got upon his favourite theme, and throwing off all restraint gave full scope to his sentiments, which soon appeared to be those of a professed and reckless libertine. Captain Macintyre, independently of the shock which his principles received from the tenor of his Lordship's talk, felt melancholy reflections arising within him, which would not permit him

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